

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
THE WAYNESBURG REPUBLICAN, Office in
Bayer's building, east of the Court House, is pub-
lished every Wednesday morning, at \$2 per
annum, in advance, or \$2.50 if not paid with-
in the year. All subscription accounts must
be settled annually. No paper will be sent
out of the State unless paid for in advance, and
all such subscriptions will invariably be discon-
tinued at the expiration of the time for which
they are paid.
Communications on subjects of local or general
interest are respectfully solicited. To ensure
attention to them, they must be accompanied by
the name of the author, not for publication,
but as a guarantee against imposition.
All letters pertaining to business of the office
must be addressed to the Editor.

The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS, FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
VOL. XI. WAYNESBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1867. NO. 18.

Poetry.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.
RETROSPECT.

BY M. R. F.

Thank God for this beautiful summer
Of glory and gladness and peace,
From war, with its terror and anguish,
Thank God for our perfect release!

Through years of darkness and doubting,
We have struggled up to this day;
Thank God that the light is dawning,
And doubt is passing away!

That under our blood-washed banner,
Wherever its bright stars wave,
A promise of truth and wisdom,
There breathes to-day no slave!

With our hearts yet full of the teachings
Of the past's great lessons of pain,
Can our faith in God, my brothers,
Ever grow faint again?

Have these lessons failed to teach us
That the right must surely win?
That wrong is the dark inertia
Of evil, in the world of sin?

And though some clouds yet darken
The sky of our own loved land,
Can we not remember His promise,
And trust to His guiding hand?

There are homes that the joy departed
Can never come back to again;
There are desolate mourning households,
And hearts that are aching sore!

And to these we can only whisper,
Through the dimming haze that flows,
Look up to your loving Father,
He sees and pities you so!

But you who gave for Freedom
Your blood and your life and your soul,
Who are saying, now, in sadness,
"It was better we had died!"

Oh, heart-sick, despairing brothers,
Be proud of each wound on your brow;
They are glorious badges of honor,
They show what heroes you are!

And of those who win the battle
Of life at duty's call,
The one who relieves his spirit
In the greatest victory of all!

With pride shall your names be spoken,
And born on each pure heart's prayer
Wherever right's true emblem,
Our banner, floats in air.

God bless that banner forever,
And keep it from every stain,
And grant that freedom may never
Have its bright stars again.

ARTIST'S WARD.

A "stare" to those we'll notice, departed friend,
"Imposing" in its form, and "lowing" high—
A tribute to thy worth, which ever will tend
To wake for thee a thought from passers-by.

Thy "form" though, thrice "locked" in death's
"arm-bone," still seems to linger with the fellows here;
And while we gaze at thy "magnificent" pose,
We "sigh" this tribute to thy lovely hair.

Thou wert a "type" of what we call a MAN,
A "clear" and honest "face" you always bore;
Your "profile" was "clean," and in vain
Might soon be "lost" as we looked them o'er.

No more will life's dull cares thy spirit chafe,
Nor sweet and bitter in thy portion blend;
For thou hast thy reward—in heaven said,
Where joy, and peace, and love will never end.

Farewell! We place upon thy tomb
This epitaph, which in our heart is penned,
And say to generations yet to come—
"HERE LIES ARTHUR'S WARD, THE PRINTER'S
FRIEND!"

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1867.

As ex-Union officer of high standing, lately
from Galveston, gives figures which show the
ravages of the yellow fever to be unprece-
dented. At the time of General Griffin's
funeral, of the twenty-seven men on the rolls
of the battalions stationed there, only four of-
ficers and twenty-four men could be obtained
for escort duty. The fatality among old citi-
zens has been very great, some carried
off having lived through seventeen seasons of
epidemic.

In Missouri, during the war, a loyal stage
driver persisted in driving his route. His
friends, fearing for his life, tried to frighten
him. His horses were sent to a grave-yard. One
played ghost, when he went, at midnight, to
get them. The ghost stalked solemnly across
his path, all in white, saying "beware!"
"Who, January," said John, delivering a
lusty kick on the side of the spoke, "Wot yer
doin' out here this time o' night? Git back
in yer hole!"

"La me!" said Mrs. Partington, here I have
been suffering the bigamies of death for three
mortal weeks. First I was seized with bleed-
ing phrenology in the left hamular of the
brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of
the left ventrator of the heart. This gave me
stiffness of the dorsal, and now I'm sick
with chorionomorphosis. There is no bleed-
ing life health, especially when you are sick.

COLORADO WIT.—"My brudders," said a
waggle colored man to a crowd, "in all af-
fairs, in all ob your troubles, dar is one
place where you can always find sympathy."
"Where?" whistled several.
"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his
eyes up.

Capt. Geo. W. Alexander, at one time in
command of Castle Thunder prison in Rich-
mond, Va., and who died to England when
the war terminated, is said to be a common
sailor in an East India vessel sailing from
Liverpool. He was a regular Bombastes Fu-
jioso and a brutal and cruel fellow, and does
well to stay away from his native country.

Gov. Swan was to review 5,000 troops in
Belgium, on the 15th, all in Confederate
gray, the first division of his militia. One
company was refused admittance until it
brought proof that all the members had served
under the stars and bars, and they openly
say they intend to support Andrew John-
son, and keep the "rump" out of the capitol.

The following epitaph may be found on a
poor fellow, entombed in a church yard in La
Grange, Tenn.:
Here lies old Henry, poor soul,
The man he made the just he spent;
The more he made the more he craved;
He had gone to heaven well he would be saved.

General McClellan will be home next
month.

Select Reading.

PHILLIPS' FIRST BABY.

Mrs. Phillips was on the very pin-

neale of felicity. She was the mother

of a boy which weighed eleven pounds.

Mr. Phillips bid fair to lose his

mind entirely. He danced and sang,

and fired guns from the top of his corn

house, whistled Yankee Doodle while

eating his breakfast, and running the

necks of all the fowls on the place, to

make a chicken pie for the celebration.

This worthy couple had been mar-

ried ten years, and this was their first

child. People had to laugh at them

ten years on account of their lack;

people who were overrun with chil-

ren, and whose lives were made mis-

erable by the scoldings and spankings

they found it necessary to inflict on

their wretched little olive plants.

Now, Mrs. Phillips said, she guess-

ed they'd laugh out of the other side.

There had never been so large a baby

born in Smithfield before. Mrs. Jones'

only weighed nine pounds, and had a

pug nose, Mrs. Sawyers' was red hair-

ed and had a mole on his right foot—

a sure sign that it would come to a bad

end—and only weighed seven pounds

and fourteen ounces! She guessed

people had better look at home before

they laughed.

Baby proved to be a Tartar. He

had a temper like a wind mill, and

seemed determined to develop his feet

and lungs to the utmost while he had

leisure, for he screamed and kicked

twenty-three out of the twenty-four

hours.

But his mother declared he was an

angel. We never can imagine an

angel with puffy red cheeks, heels ele-

vated in the air, sucking a sugar teat,

and being bounced about in a pillow

cradle to the tune of "Highiddle-

dee!" but then our imagination is not

by any means so vivid as it might be.

From the hour in which he was

born, he was the Autocrat of the house-

hold; everything had to bow to his

nod.

The scullery door creaked; it was

taken off the hinges, and the servant

was in the draft all the time, because

she might disturb the baby. For the

same reason the coffee mill was moved

into the wood shed, the dishes must be

washed out of doors—the clatter of the

plates made baby scream; the wash-

ing was done in the barn; all the

clocks in the house were stopped; the

door was muzzled, and the cat choked

all from the fear of disturbing the

baby.

Mr. Phillips paid a blacksmith who

was located within a quarter of a mile,

one hundred dollars to move his shop,

and Biddy was moved to the back lot

of the wood shed on account of her

snoring.

The child's dresses were legion. It

was a wonder that it could draw its

breath with so many terrible ailments

clinging to it. Mrs. Phillips was con-

tinually on the watch for some new

demonstration.

"Charles!" cried she, waking her

husband from slumber one cold winter

night "it seems to me that baby does

not breathe just right."

Mr. Phillips sprang up and listened.

"Good gracious, he's got the snuffles,

ain't he?"

"Oh, dear, what shall we do if baby

is going to be sick?"

Mr. Phillips got a light, and the

anxious parents brought it to bear on

the face of their child.

"Oh, heavens!" cried his mother,

"his face is actually purple! he's going

to have scarlet fever. See that red

spot on his elbow."

"It may be where he's laid on it,"

remarked Mr. Phillips.

"Laid on it, eh! you unfeeling man,

you unnatural father! And there it's

sucking its thumb! I've known it

from the first it would not live; it

sucked its thumb so much."

"Seems to me that I've heard my

mother say that it was a sign of a

healthy child to suck its thumb, but I

would be certain. Any way, it is a

good sign or a bad one, I forget

which."

"Run, Charles, for the doctor! It's

going to die—I know it is! Oh, don't

stop to dress—don't! It may die

while you are waiting. Call for Gran-

ny Bates, and tell her to bring some

catnip, and cafferon, and peppermint—

tell her to bring all the herbs she's got!

do it hurry—Charles, do! Mercy on

us! it's sucking bath thumbs then

Charles, run!"

Mr. Phillips caught up the first

articles of clothing he could lay his

hands on, which proved to be his

wife's embroidered petticoat, but he

was in too much haste, and altogether

too much excited to notice dress par-

ticularly. He flung the garment over

his head, and tied it around his waist

—slipped on his shoes and plunged

into the keen air. The Doctor was

asleep, and did not care about turning

out, but being told that it was a case

of life and death, he yielded at once.

Mr. Phillips left him dressing, and

sped to the residence of Granny Bates.

The old lady was wise but she was

very superstitious and believed in

warnings and apparitions. Phillips

gave a thundering rap at her door, and

directly a night capped head appeared

at the upper window.

"What do you want at this time of

the night and who be ye?" said the

cracked voice.

Phillips stepped out and stood

plainly revealed by the light of a dim

moon.

"Good gracious, massy!" cried the

old woman, "its got a scolloped petti-

coat on. Land, I didn't think they'd

spend their time on such vanities as

that are!"

"It's a dying!" exclaimed Phillips

"—come down quick!"

"Not I! I ain't so green as to trust

my old body to a supernatural ghost!"

and down went the window with a

bang. Phillips pounded at the door

until he was tired, and then made

tracks for his home.

"Dr. Gray had just arrived. Mrs.

Phillips was preparing to go into

hysterics as soon as she heard his op-

inion.

Baby was much worse; it was not

only sucking its thumbs, but wiggled

its toes. It could not continue long.

The doctor, with a grave face, entered

the sick room. Biddy rubbed her

mistress with camphor. Mr. Phillips

stood by, wiping his eyes, with the

drapery of his scant attire.

"Oh, doctor! doctor! will it die?

Only save it doctor, and you may take

all I have!" cried Mrs. Phillips,

wringing her hands. "I'll get down

on my knees to you and thank you

forever."

"Keep your sitting, marm, keep

your sitting," said the doctor, taking

a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't keep me in suspense! Only

look at this precious little arm! What

is it! For the love of heaven tell

me—let me know the worst."

"Well, marm, if I speak out, you

promise not to blame me?" asked the

doctor gravely.

"No, no!"

"Marm," said he, with his long face

still more fearfully elongated, "it is

my opinion as a man and physician,

that the child has been bitten by four

bed bugs, or else he has been bitten in

four places by one insect of that de-

scription."

"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do

you mean to insult us?"

"By no means, sir; I repeat, sir, that

I think—

"No, you don't!" yelled Mrs. P.

It's enough to insinuate that I have

bed bugs, to say nothing of the libel

on that little angel cherub. Get out

of this house this instant, you mean,

cheating, insulting old vagabond!"

and seizing the butter laid from the table,

where Biddy had laid it full of hot

pepper tea, she flung it at him. The

doctor knew enough about women to

realize that in flight lay safety, with a

hasty bow he backed off the step and

started for his gig. The ground was

inclined, and quite dry. His heels

flew up, his head went down, and his

whole body spun down the hill like a

steel shot. Mrs. P., nothing

daunted, rushed after him, and shared

the same fate. The two brought up

together at the foot of the hill, in a

watering trough, but no words of sym-

pathy were exchanged. The doctor

got up as quick as he could, and gal-

loped home, and Mrs. Phillips follow-

ed his example.

The baby lived and thrived. As it

grew older, its dictatorship became

more and more absolute. Phillips

was down on all fours the greater part

of his time, that the baby might ride

on his back; and Mrs. Phillips went

without crinoline, and left her arms

bare in the coldest weather because the

steel springs and her dress sleeves hurt